

The Liberal Democrat

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THE ELEPHANT'S MOUSE

The elephant has labored and brought forth a mouse!

There is alleged satisfaction among the close party friends of Mr. Hughes as well as among the enemies of Mr. Wilson with the speech of acceptance delivered by the former in New York City on the evening of July 31st.

But what were the actual feelings of those gentlemen when, in the quiet of their own solitude, with the newspaper reports of the speech before them, no man save themselves now knows.

Certain it is, if the speech pleased Republicans, it carried no alarm to Democrats.

The latter do not regard it as a forensic masterpiece or the effort of a statesman. They consider it rather the plea of an attorney for the prosecution, who has a bad case but a promising fee.

In both parties there was much concern as to what the Republican candidate, who when nominated was an enigma to them, would advance as the issues upon which to base his candidacy.

Through 8,000 words he stormed his angry way and at the close there was no enlightenment as to issues, beyond the one that a Democratic administration was in power, whereas he wanted a Republican administration, with himself at the head of the government.

With many words he denounced the record of Mr. Wilson and the Democratic party, yet made no statement as to whether he would have acted differently in the President's place.

He wanted peace and he wanted war.

In one hysterical epigram he called for "America first and America efficient."

A distinct reiteration of the Democratic pronouncement on the subject by one who in the light of existing conditions cannot mean it.

With the disloyal in leash, the self-confessed perpetrators of his nomination, with a candidacy on which "Made Abroad" is irrevocably stamped, his cry for efficiency is not dangerous enough for a slogan and is too pitiful even for a successful plea.

The efficiency he affects to desire will be completely realized before the Republican candidate much further advances in his campaign.

There was absolutely no enlightenment furnished as to his course with reference to unfortunate Mexico. A kindly word for Huerta, though admitting the possibility that he was a criminal and a menace to his country, a threat to the miserable bandit, Villa, whom by implication he dignified into a cause of war between this great country and impoverished Mexico, a sneer at the course pursued at Tampico and at Vera Cruz, and all that he had in his locker was exhausted.

Of course, he would have made Belgium a pretext for sending our

soldiers into Flanders to add their life's blood and bleached bones to the future fertility of European soil; or, barring that, would have let loose the dogs of desolation at the destruction of the Lusitania—or he would have done something else, certainly in a different way or mood or what not from the course pursued by President Wilson.

The country needs preparedness, he declared.

Certainly so, and right there in his presence, in the corporal flesh, sat a former President of the United States, his partisan and his supporter, who in near eight years, had done by comparison with the Wilson record, practically nothing in the direction of preparation.

Not far away, not, however, on the scene, was another former President, who deploring his inability to be president, but looking forward to the Hughes speech as a happy and sure "augury" of Republican success, who had served several years as secretary of war, prior to a four years incumbency of the White House, who had left a state of national unpreparedness as an unfortunate heritage to Mr. Wilson.

And that was pretty much the speech.

Destructiveness was its keynote and the absence of constructiveness its burden.

Not one word as to the Democratic record in domestic affairs. No endorsement of the long strides taken to progressive ends.

Not one charge even of any Democratic pledge having been violated.

Mr. Hughes had not one word to say of the Democratic party's enactment to prevent frenzied finance from terrorizing the nation, that thrift and wealth to panic makers might follow the desolation of the many.

Not one word as to the law to tax wealth that poverty's burden might be lightened.

Not one word about Rural Credits, which put the producers at money ease when financial stringency hovered. Nothing as to appropriations and legislation in the interests of labor; in the humanizing cause of the children of the land; nothing of the extension of post routes; of the building of good roads and the opening up of navigation.

Not a word as to the establishment of a trade or tariff commission or the researches that have been instituted in every department of the government looking to better conditions for all men.

Only as a last thought, as a desperate effort to play sharp politics, did Woman Suffrage occur to him; and the day after the speech, with something to tie his candidacy to, he rushed forward, where his party in convention had refused to go and declared himself as favoring the submission of a Woman Suffrage amendment to the Constitution.

He saw that his tirade against the President's handling of international questions had fallen into ground that was fallow; he had come, after a night's sleep, to realize the weakness of "America first and America efficient" as a slogan; he saw the danger to himself of attacking any of Democracy's legislation of a constructive character; he dared not comment adversely upon any of the lofty governmental ideals of the President, so, over-night, he took woman suffrage to his bosom and there it now temporarily rests until some of his advisers shall come along and separate him and it.

Temporary sop to the woman voters of a number of states which he hopes thus to carry!

What chance would he have if elected, with a Republican congress to enforce the submission of an amendment that his party in national convention assembled had overwhelmingly determined against?

Can he by such tactics con the intelligent womanhood of the country? Does the man or candidate who goes to an issue, facing both ways, ever land anywhere?

"Hughes and Intervention" is the rallying cry of the Mexico-Americans whose wish it is to capitalize the misfortunes of our neighbors to the south, take over their wasted lands and build to fortune with the labor of peons and starvelings. They want the intervention of property lust and not intervention, which, if it must come Mr. Wilson would make for Mexico's benefit and rehabilitation.

An army was never organized more quickly and satisfactorily than that under the administration's recent call and no soldiers were ever better treated. Just for comparison, hearken back to the days of '98.

It was General Grant who said that there never was a war that couldn't have been better settled some other way, and that other way is the one that Woodrow Wilson is pursuing.

There is no distress along the

Mexican border, only distress amongst those who for political purposes have vainly endeavored to begot distress.

In every controversy, domestic or international, that President Wilson has been engaged in, Candidate Hughes' sympathies seem always to have been with the other fellow.

OVER THE STATE

Mr. Paris of Arkansas City lost the nomination for state representative by 69 votes, which the Wichita Beacon charges to the antipathy of the German vote.

"The good woman of the house can put up the fruit all right," agrees Bert Walker of Osborne, "but, by George, she has to call in the old man when she wants the can opened so she can serve the contents."

Ben Hudson of the Fredonia Herald writes back from the border that a new searchlight has arrived with which a single man can be seen three miles away. Married men never get that far away.

A gathering of laboring men in London last Sunday publicly advocated that the Kaiser be hanged. Which reminds Albert Stroud that a convention of rats was held once upon a time, and it was decided that the cat should be belled.

We think the esteemed Atchison Globe is going too far, entirely too far, when it makes the statement that the extreme dry weather in the Central Branch country has so warped the wooden leg of the editor of the Kansan that he is now bow-legged. —Protests of Gomer Davies.

We have heard of the many different methods employed by Oklahoma bootleggers to bring booze into the "strip," but the latest one of concealing wet goods in a Victrola is a corker. To make it better yet, the instrument was so arranged that every few minutes it would play the familiar tune, "Comin' Thru the Rye." —Concordia Blade.

A woman smoking a cigar was one of the sights at Lamar the other day, where the unusual performance threatened to stop traffic along the west side of the public square. It is not unusual in some localities even in this day to see an old woman puffing away at a little clay pipe, but a cigar smoking woman would be a novelty anywhere.

When the troop trains went through Emporia in June, bound for the border, Emporia girls collected the names of many soldiers—some girls got as many as a hundred—and are now busily engaged in writing them letters. "Each girl" says the Gazette, "believes implicitly that she is the only girl writing to this or that particular soldier, forgetting for the moment that the train probably made several other stops on the way to Texas. War, as General Sherman once observed, is hell."

Even a burglar has his cheerless days and nights, when luck breaks all against him and his best efforts go unrewarded. Robbers who entered the postoffice at Galt the other night certainly were a luckless lot. After going to all the trouble of breaking out a window and rifling a lot of drawers and pigeonholes, their total reward was a dime and a \$ watch. Postmaster Huffstutter is a pretty slick fellow and he had hid the money where he thought burglars couldn't find it—and they didn't.

The Wellington News believes preachers should be labeled or uniformed, or marked in some way. The other day a preacher incog, which is the prevailing habit of Protestant preachers nowadays, approached a Wellington man and asked how the fish were biting on a certain nearby stream. The witness knew they weren't biting worth a cent, and proceeded to tell the inquirer so in highly colored terms, mostly blue. Later he learned the identity of the investigator, and was filled with deep chagrin. Now, instead of going fishing next Sunday, the Wellington man is going to church to make amends.

"I saw a hoop snake drink a gallon of sweet milk out of a crock in my cave last week," said our friend, Hix Ellis, yesterday, when asked if there was anything new out toward Lost Corner. "This snake then crawled out of the cave, stuck his tail in his mouth and rolled down the hill. He lost control of himself and could not put on the brake, so he skidded against a small sapling and had a blowout. When I got down the hill, there on the ground lay the punctured remains of his snakeship and a pound of butter." —Linn County Republic.

A conceited merchant was very proud of his penmanship and for a reason. One day a Jew traveling man called on him and the merchant was using his idle time writing and re-writing his name and paid no attention to the traveling man, who to be agreeable said, "You write a mighty good signature." "I ought to, one of my forefathers helped write the Declaration of Independence," snapped back the merchant and kept on writing. "Well," replied the Jew, "you have nothing on me, for one of my forefathers wrote the Ten Commandments." —Atchison Globe.

CONTEMPORARY COMMENT

Miss Etna Dalgarn had quite a serious accident the first of this week. When cleaning out the cellar she found an old basket, left there by the former occupant of the house, in which were some old paint brushes, empty paint tubes, various other odds and ends, and a small package, the contents of which were not investigated, but being with the paints, was naturally supposed to contain something used in that connection. Being of no value, Miss Etna emptied the entire contents of the basket into the stove. The mysterious package evidently contained gun powder, and if not, something else equally as explosive, for a terrific explosion followed almost immediately. Her face and right hand were quite badly burned while other members of the family were given the scare of their lives. No other damage was done. —Meade News.

John Batterman, living 14 miles northwest of Guymon, had a very profitable crop of wheat this year. He had 75 acres that averaged 21 bushels to the acre and tested 64½ pounds to the bushel. His crop last year made a better average per acre, averaging 39 bushels, but the quality was not up to that raised this year. * * * Frank Foreman, who lives out north of Guymon, was showing some of his crop of maize he is raising this year. It was as good as grows, and is maturing nicely. There need be no apprehension by the farmers about maize not making good in this country. It never fails, and is fast gaining a place in the United States along with wheat and corn as one of the staple feed crops. Frank is making good on his place this year. —Guymon Democrat.

T. S. Williams, living near Hooker until recently, when he was brought back from Kansas on a charge of disposing of mortgaged property and has been held in the county jail since his trial in district court, at which time he pleaded guilty to the charge, was adjudged insane after examination by Drs. Mayes and Dawson and taken to Fort Supply Friday by Sheriff Leeman. When brought back here a few weeks ago Williams' mind was a blank as to what had happened or as to where he had been since his disappearance from his home several months previous. He was unable to account for the disappearance of the live stock in question and had only a faint remembrance of any of his neighbors. The court was not satisfied with the results of the trial and the examination as to his sanity. —Guymon Herald.

J. F. Hutchinson of near Floris was a visitor here Tuesday, coming over to pay his taxes and straighten up other business matters. Mr. Hutchinson is one of the extensive farmers of the north flats and reports that he has done fairly well this year, taking everything into consideration. Off of 230 acres he threshed 2600 bushels of wheat and besides a good prospect for a row crop, he has sold \$1200 worth of hogs since January 1st. Such fellows as Mr. Hutchinson who have a little hustle about them are the ones that are making Beaver county the rich farming and stock-raising country that it is. —Beaver Democrat.

Don't waste time sympathizing with yourself this hot weather. You can wear anything you want to and as near nothing as the law allows. The one who needs sympathy is the baby whose old-fashioned mother clings to that barbaric custom of keeping flannel on the baby all the time, regardless of season. * * * It puffs this department all up with pride to note the care with which its wise advice is taken. Only two weeks ago it called attention to manure piles and other menaces to health about town and suggested that they should be ordered removed in the interests of the general health of the community, and after but two short weeks every plague spot in the city has been—permitted to remain just exactly as it was. Vurry well, vurry well. Let's wait until there are a few deaths from typhoid fever and then get busy. What's the use to worry over trifles? —Stafford Courier.

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Paramount Program

MAJESTIC THEATRE

August 21—Lenore Ulrich in "Kilmeny."

August 23—Marguerite Clark in "Seven Sisters."

August 25—Ina Claire and Carlyle Blackwell in "The Puppet Crown."

August 30—Myrtle Stedman in "Wild Olive."

Monday, Sept. 4—Mary Pickford in "Rags."

Wednesday, Sept. 6—Pauline Frederick in "Sold."

Monday, Sept. 11—Blanche Sweet in "Secret Orchard."

Wednesday, Sept. 13—Fanny Ward in "Marriage of Kitty."

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